

# THE CIVILIAN

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## A Queer Story.

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“Let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee.”

It was a peaceful Government office in a backwater of Whitehall. At its head was that eminent civil servant, Alwyn Champion. He was a C.B. and drew two thousand a year, so, perhaps, it is best to describe him as a very eminent and distinguished civil servant. He had, of course, two months' leave in the year, which he usually, under cover of official inquiries—generally conducted in the immediate neighbourhood of golf links—stretched into three. Next to him came Latters. Latters had £1,200, a year, and collected bric-à-brac. He complained bitterly that this confinement to the office and his miserable eight weeks' holiday prevented him from making any progress with his collection. Then in order came the three principal clerks—Bates, Saxelby, and Morris—all distinguished Oxford men, who drew their miserable pittance of £800 a year almost under protest. Still, they did draw it, and waited impatiently till the Government should recognise more fully the distinction of their University careers. Below them came a small corps of first-class clerks, who starved on miserable pittance of £600 a year, and waited anxiously for the principal clerks to be called up higher.

The office machine worked very smoothly. That was due entirely to Mr. Latters. He knew the names of all the clerks, whilst the chief was weak on names. In fact, during Lat-

ters' absence on holiday, Mr. Champion had called in the most conscientious and hardworking clerk in the office and warned him that if he continued in his recklessly idle ways his position would be gravely imperilled. The next moment he highly commended the office scapegrace, and assured him that he would bear him in mind for promotion when opportunity came. No one grumbled at this little weakness of the chief's. In the first place a C.B. can do nothing wrong—that is, officially. And in the second place the hard-working clerk felt pretty sure that when the time came for promotions to be made it was as certain as anything could be in this world that the chief would mix up the names again. So Mr. Champion's praises were accepted without elation, and his rebukes without dejection.

However, one morning, after a little break at Easter, the head messenger waited on each of the three principal clerks. “Mr. Champion, gentlemen, desires to see you all in his room.”

This was unprecedented, except when Mr. Latters was away on his holidays.

The three arrived at the private room of the great man together, wondering what was the reason for the summons.

“Good morning, Mr. Saxelby,” said the chief, addressing Morris. “Good morning, Mr. Morris,” salut-

ing Bates. "Good morning, Mr. Bates," turning to Saxelby. "Hem! I have called you here to communicate to you a matter unprecedented in the annals of this department. I have in my hand a letter from Mr. Latters. In it Mr. Latters states that having just inherited an estate from an uncle, he proposes to resign his post and take his pension. Never in the course of my official career have I known such a discreditable action. Were he in the army it would be regarded as desertion. The whole working of the office—the most efficient I am proud to say of all the Government departments — is to be upset by the private affairs of one official. I tell you, gentlemen, that if I inherited a million I would never resign my post whilst I could do good work for the State."

The principal clerks murmured admiration of the chief's noble statement, though they felt in their hearts that devotion to the public service might be carried to extremes.

"It will require time, gentlemen, and much thought," continued the Chief, "to select his successor. I shall have to scrutinise your work very closely. Whatever decision I come to — for I may say that my recommendation will be final—I hope that you will admit that I have only one thought in my mind—the best interests of the department."

The three clerks murmured agreement, though each of them felt that the department would be ruined if Mr. Campion promoted either of the other two rotters.

"That is all at present, gentlemen," said the Chief, "except that for a time Mr. Latters' duties will be allocated amongst you. You will take his duties for a day each in turn. The first one on the rota for duty will be"—the Chief paused, uncertain as to the name of each clerk. Then he came to a triumphant conclusion by saying, "In order not to make an invidious selection, you will come on duty in alphabetical order.

That is all, gentlemen. Except that I rely on your hearty support during this grave emergency."

The principal clerks eyed each other jealously in the passage outside.

"Nice thing," said Bates, "to do the work of a twelve hundred a year man on an eight hundred salary."

"He may keep us waiting for months," said Morris.

"It's rotten having to depend on the decision of an old——," began Saxelby, and then remembered just in time that the word "ass" might be brought up against him, so he substituted "head of a department who is too conscientious to come to a decision."

There was a great sensation in the department when the news was known. One of the first division clerks—an amiable and businesslike person — instantly opened a book — laying two to one against any of the principal clerks being promoted to the vacancy, and twenty to one against any individual first division clerk becoming a principal clerk. His book filled rapidly.

A fortnight passed away, then one morning Saxelby, though not on duty, deliberately entered the Chief's private room and had a long interview with him. The other two regarded this as base treachery.

"I suppose you've been making suggestions for the improvement of the office," inquired Morris, sarcastically.

"My conversation with Mr. Campion concerned purely personal and private matters," replied Saxelby.

Later in the day an awful rumour ran through the office. A first-class clerk who had been at a dance the previous evening stated that Saxelby had sat out nearly every dance with the youngest Miss Campion. Morris and Bates were full of horror. They knew that their colleague was capable of anything, and they suspected Saxelby intended something more than a dance partnership. But

when the Chief left at four o'clock they knew the worst. He paused at Saxelby's door and said, "Well, my boy, I suppose we shall be seeing you at dinner this evening?"

That was enough for them. Their colleague to make sure of the post was to marry the Chief's daughter. The first division clerk who was making a book promptly closed it. Everybody wanted to back Saxelby as a dead cert., and the bookmaker declared that he would do nothing more unless the other two principal clerks also proposed to the other Champion girls. Even old Champion could not be expected to forget his future son-in-law's name.

Morris and Bates congratulated Saxelby in sarcastic fashion. However, though the two were depressed they had not given up hope. Then one afternoon Morris played his trump card. He had a second cousin who held high office in the Ministry. To the amazement of all, this Cabinet Minister dropped in to see Mr. Champion. They were closeted together for such a long time that the first division clerk offered to reopen his book, and promised to lay evens against Morris and Saxelby, and six to one against Bates. Mr. Champion escorted the Cabinet Minister to the entrance of the department when he left, and the chief messenger reported that their last words were:

"So you will bear him in mind, Mr. Champion?"

"Certainly, sir, any recommendation of yours will of course, carry the greatest weight with me."

Saxelby sought out Bates and agreed with him that the English civil service was becoming even more corrupt than the American.

However, Bates, too, had a card up his sleeve. In the intervals of his official work Bates was an admirable golfer—or if you choose to put it another way, in the intervals of his golf Bates was an admirable civil servant. He had even been in the semi-final of the Amateur Champion-

ship. He had taken great care to belong to the same club as Mr. Champion. One Monday morning there was a tremendous sensation at the office. In their studious perusal of the daily papers, essential to their efficiency as public servants, the first division clerks read the account of the Rotham Club Championship. To their amazement they found that in the play-off Bates, who was a plus four man, had been defeated by Mr. Champion, whose handicap was somewhere about minus sixteen. One paper even recorded that in the speech-making following the presentation of the cup, Bates had frankly admitted that he had been thoroughly beaten by a better man.

"Sickening!" exclaimed Saxelby. "He could have beaten Champion easily if he'd used his umbrella instead of his clubs."

Morris groaned. "To think that a man should prostitute a noble game like that to get a miserable bit of promotion. It makes one sick of the service."

There was a rush to back Bates for the post. The bookmaker confessed himself dubious about the prospects. He said it was an open question whether Champion would be more frightened of the Cabinet Minister or of Mrs. Champion, and whether he loved golf or his daughters best. So he offered two to one against any of the candidates. He also said that if it wasn't settled soon he would make a personal appeal to old Champion to end the matter. He was tired of holding up all the ready money in the office.

A week later the head messenger once again bore a message to each of the principal clerks. "Mr. Champion would be obliged," he told each of them, "if you would kindly step into his room at once."

As they met in the corridor Saxelby was flushed, Morris had turned pale, and Bates's fingers trembled as he opened the great man's door.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Mr. Campion as they entered, "I wished to see you. Now what was it about? Let me see, I have a memorandum somewhere."

They all burned to suggest "The superintendentship," but had to wait whilst Mr. Campion searched all over his desk for a paper which was in his coat pocket. "Yes, yes, as I was saying," continued Mr. Campion, "about this important vacancy in the office. I may say, gentlemen, that I have watched your work very closely—more closely than you are perhaps aware—during the last few weeks. You have all come through the ordeal admirably. I compliment you on your efficiency. There has not been a trace of friction. You are all fitted—highly fitted—for the vacant post. Now let me tell you the conclusion I have come to. In the first place I inspected the first division clerks. Though not known to me personally, I recognise their ability and efficiency. I have no doubt that in due course they will attain worthy posts in the official hierarchy—if I may so term it. But I did not detect amongst these gentlemen any one of such supreme ability that I should think myself justified in promoting him above his seniors."

The Principal Clerks breathed again. For one moment they had had the idea that old Campion was going to promote a first division clerk over their heads.

"Now, to deal with you gentlemen personally, I have the greatest admiration for your work Mr. Saxelby, and it would be a great convenience to me to have some one in my immediate family circle with whom I could discuss the important and confidential details of the office business. Yet anything that savoured of nepotism would be most disagreeable to me. Besides, there might be objectionable remarks in the press; I could bear them myself, but the office, gentlemen, must be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. Next,

I take your case, Mr. Morris. I have been deeply impressed by the way you did your work. It showed hearty devotion to the public service, and, in addition, you have the advantage of being very highly recommended to me by one of his Majesty's Ministers. I compliment you, Mr. Morris, on the high opinion the Cabinet have of you. Yet in this case there arises the question whether the Minister in charge of one department should be allowed to interfere with appointments in another department. It might create departmental jealousy. There might be allegations, of course utterly unfounded, of political influence in the civil service."

"Your reputation, sir," interposed Morris, "would be quite enough to cause any base slanders to fail."

"It is not my reputation I am thinking of, Mr. Morris. It is the reputation of the office. Now I must consider your claims, Mr. Bates. You are a supremely efficient civil servant. I like the ardour with which you enter into your work. Then, too, you have a high reputation outside the office as an excellent sportsman. In dealing with masses of men that reputation would tell. It would help you to maintain the strict discipline customary in this department. Still, on the other hand, what should I say if it were alleged that promotion in the office went by proficiency on the golf links? Could I justify to my own conscience an appointment on such ground? I doubt it. You see, gentlemen, I am in a dilemma. There are three admirably equipped candidates, and only one post. I have spent sleepless nights contemplating this problem."

The Chief paused for breath. The Principal Clerks looked at each other in amazement. Was he about to toss up or to draw lots for the appointment? Or, horror of horrors, was he going to suggest the introduction of an outsider?

"At last," continued the Chief, "I have thought out a solution. You

will admit I think that the work of the Department has gone on smoothly whilst you were temporarily filling the Superintendent's post."

The three murmured assent.

"Good," said the Chief. "Therefore, I have drafted and submitted a minute to the President of the Department suggesting the suppression of the vacant post, as unnecessary. That, gentlemen, is a solution which enables me to avoid making an invidious choice, and will, I think, commend itself to you all as making for economy and efficiency. Good morning."

The three almost staggered from the room. Their remarks were mainly unprintable. But even if he had heard them, they would have produced no effect on the Chief. He found an unexpected reward. The

Chancellor of the Exchequer was so amazed at the idea of a departmental head suggesting the abolition of a £1,200 a year post, that he said Campion must appear in the next Birthday Honours list. That is why the head of the department now is Sir Alwyn Campion, G.C.B.

*The Civilian's* faithful correspondent, Mr. R. Herrod, of the Saskatchewan Railway Mail Service, sends the following cheery word regarding the crops:—

We have every evidence of a bumper crop in Saskatchewan. All along the Soo line the wheat is coming along splendidly. The different postmasters we come into contact with on our runs come to the car door with a broad smile spread all over their features.

Linotype and monotype operators of the Government Printing Bureau presented members of their committee which conducted successful negotiations for an increase of wages with silver tea sets.

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RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE "SLEEPING GIANT"

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:—

"He is not dead, but sleeping."

This I take to be the text of your editorial on the present condition of that "giant,"—the Civil Service Federation of Canada. Granted that the giant *is* sleeping, may I ask "What sleep is this?" Is it the sleep that follows honest labor,—“tired nature's sweet restorer”? Or is it the sleep of the sloth,—the sleep of the five foolish virgins,—the sleeping sickness,—or that sleep which knows no awakening? It is well to sleep,—when we have earned the right to slumber. Has the Federation earned its rest or has it partaken of the subtle and enervating lotus? Perhaps it is chloroformed! Whose treacherous hand would administer the stealthy anaesthetic? Yet, if, perchance, this be true, is not the time opportune for an operation? Let us take our giant to pieces and examine the works for loose cogs,—even if it does amount to vivisection. It were better a thousand times that the conscientious surgeon should wield the knife than that some ruthless Jack-the-Giant-Killer should decapitate our giant and end his possibilities for wide-awake activities as well as his present profitless dreaming.

M. E.

Ottawa, July 1st, 1913.

## GAMBLING ON THE GREEN.

*By the Poet "Low-Rate."*

I went to the races and studied the faces  
 Of all the young people who go to such places;  
 I studied the Cronies—the sweet Annie Rooney's  
 Who bet their good pelf on the versatile ponies;  
 I watched them hand over their small bunch of clover  
 And place it on HAREBELL or GADFLY or ROVER;  
 I saw many offers to empty their coffers  
 Whilst I held aloof with an army of scoffers;  
 Full many seemed willing to part with a shilling  
 In the hope that they all would be in at the "killing."  
 The money flowed freely (I quote Horace Greely)  
 And backed up the chances of MAUD S. or MEALY.  
 I started to wonder—I said—"Why in thunder  
 Do these folks hand over such bundles of plunder?"  
 The bookies were screeching—their hands were all reaching  
 For all the good lucre each had in his breechin';  
 Yet each two-legged noodle forked up all his boodle  
 To swell the large roll of this fossilized poodle.  
 I went through the Paddock—looked over RED-HADDOCK  
 CHIROPDIST—BLUEBEARD—TOM THUMB and ALLADICK;  
 I studied and pondered and sat down and wondered  
 Which stood the best chances from out of the hundred.  
 I heard folks discussing and swearing and cussing  
 And fuming and fretting and frothing and fussing;  
 They'd wagered their savings—and started their ravings  
 Because they had not got the price of their "shavings."  
 These silly gossoons had acted like loons  
 And now lacked the price of potatoes and prunes.  
 Each came out like a star in a Cablet or Car  
 But most wandered home o'er the highway of tar.  
 I looked on the crowd—and said out aloud  
 "Well, I feel most devilish dingbusted proud;  
 Each pocket is full of banknotes and bull—  
 Ion—I've got the price of four bundles of wool."  
 I threw out my chest and walked with the rest  
 To study the faces so sad and depressed.  
 I wandered along and whistled a song,  
 And mingled among that most motley throng—  
 I saw hollow eyes and heard fevered sighs  
 For none of them carried the price of pork-pies.  
 Then a Tally-Ho high went galloping by,  
 Drawn by six horses, all mettled and spry;  
 I glanced at the men who filled it, and then  
 I saw the "strongboxes," it carried just TEN;  
 As I am not a dunce I tumbled at once,  
 Why these are the bookmakers—DINGBATS AND MUNCE;  
 I saw the crowd look, each glum as a cook  
 Whilst the horses, the dust, from their hooflets all shook.  
 I hastened my way—still singing my lay,  
 I felt that their Kokos were filled up with whey.  
 They were not content at owning a cent,

Each thought he could turn it to dollars, and went  
 To fozzle the jays who live in those ways  
 And count on the money from Johnnies and Mays.  
 An adage was made for MAN and for MAID,  
 It says, you remember, "EACH MAN TO HIS TRADE."  
 Still another one, and, the motto is grand,  
 "TWO BIRDS IN THE BUSH EQUAL ONE IN THE HAND."

"FIRST NIGHT—Y. & S."

*By Jack Cadden.*

I'm eating my supper alone, boys,  
 I'm far from the R. & P. A.  
 I've taken a like to a jerk-water pike,  
 And I'm monarch of all I survey;  
 But I miss all the noise and confusion,  
 The hurry and bustle and slam,  
 And I long to get back to the rotten old track  
 That is run by Mackenzie and Mann.

It's lonesome to-night and I'm thinking  
 Of the boys who are doing their drill;  
 We've done it before 'mid the rattle and roar  
 That has ended in many a spill;  
 I'll own to the danger that's in it,  
 I know that the work isn't light,  
 But somehow I feel I would give a good deal  
 If I only were with you to-night.

It's strange how a fellow gets thinking,  
 When playing the game all alone,  
 Of the thousand and one little stunts he has done,  
 In the days that are vanished and gone.  
 And it's strange how he misses the comrades  
 Who've rendered the hours so brief,  
 And helped him along with a laugh or a song,  
 And jollied the sting from his grief.

The beefsteak is cooked to a frazzle  
 While I'm busy grinding our rhyme,  
 The tea is as cold as a night at the Pole  
 So I'm in for a deuce of a time.  
 And there goes the whistle for Wynyard,  
 But e'er I get busy again,  
 Here's a health to each jay on the R. & P. A.  
 And success to MacKenzie and Mann.

# THE CIVILIAN

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Communications on any subject of interest  
to the Civil Service are invited and will  
receive careful consideration.

Ottawa, July 11, 1913

## PARTIZAN PATRONAGE. (2)

Having referred in a previous article to civil service patronage in Australia, let us pay a visit to England and the United States. Let any reader ask himself how business can be conducted under the theory of government which permits public appointments and public contracts to be *wagered* as the result of a political campaign. The following news item is apropos of the workings of patronage in the mother land:—

There has been a general, not to say formal, adoption of the American word "graft," for want of anything so concise and descriptive in the revelations that have come in the "Poplar" investigation, in which an effort is being made to show that there has been a fixed "scale of prices" for the selling of public appointments and that there has also been systematic bribery in connection with the contracts.

\* \* \*

In the United States civil service, patronage flourishes like the proverbial green bay tree. So much has this been the case that thirty-two years

ago there was formed the Civil Service Reform League of the United States, composed of a membership entirely outside the civil service. The league has done splendid work. The officers for the present year include such men as Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president, and Joseph H. Choate, Chas. J. Bonaparte, Arthur T. Hadley and Seth Low, vice-presidents. That civil service patronage is an octopus feeding upon the state is well shown by some of the resolutions passed and opinions expressed at the thirty-second annual convention held at Milwaukee last Winter. Some of these are as follows:—

"This league will watch with vigilance and the keenest interest the action concerning civil service reform about to be taken by the Democratic party under its new leaders, believing that action to be more important to the Democratic party and to the country than the party action on the tariff, banking and currency, the foreign policies, or the treatment of insular possessions, and more likely to determine the destiny of the Democratic party for the next eight years than any other policy."

"The league stands upon the firm ground that civil service appointments in all cases should be made solely because of the merit and fitness of the appointees. Public debts to those who have rendered valuable services in other fields, whether military or civil, should be recognized and paid in other ways, without demoralizing the civil service through any scheme of preferences."

Dr. McGregor, speaking for Governor McGovern, referred to the corrupt and vicious use of both money and patronage to influence elections and denounced both practices as vicious and reprehensible.

General Winkler and Mr. Bonaparte touched on the same subject and Mr. Bonaparte urged that the use of patronage to turn elections was the more vicious of the two evils.

\* \* \*

W. A. Pinkerton of Chicago, at a recent police convention, read a paper on "Do Paroles Work for Betterment?"

He said there had been considerable discussion recently as to the merits or demerits of the parole law. "Some have gone so far as to advocate the repeal of the law," he said, "but such advocates deal in generalities and give

no statistics or facts on which to base a reasonable argument."

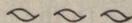
He declared political influences should be eliminated from the conduct of all penal institutions, and more especially from all boards of pardon or parole. He declared the indeterminate sentence and parole law cannot be efficiently administered in any prison controlled by partisan politics, for the most important part of the indeterminate sentence and parole law is its supervision.

\* \* \*

Reverting to the practice of political patronage in Canada, *The Civilian* might fill many pages with the tales that are told. The public in Montreal for two years past have been compelled to brace their unsteady steps through a narrow causeway to enter the post office, and the great staff of 1,000 clerks has been cramped and crowded beyond recognition. All this because certain repairs were being done under government contract, while close alongside skyscrapers arose in six months of time. Scarcely a public office in the land but at some time or other has been chilled by the icy fingers of patronage. Suffice to say in this regard that the present writer heard a new political appointee boast that he owed his appointment to his having arranged the impersonation of sixteen dead men at an election.

Perhaps the most notorious incident in Canada as regards the personnel of the government service, happened on August 31st, 1908 or thereabouts, when some 600 persons were arbitrarily and without examination thrust into the Inside Service to avoid the 1908 amendments to the C. S. Act which were supposed to introduce merit and to replace the spoils system. Moreover it is said that today in Ottawa Messrs. Fripp and Chabot are Civil Service Commissioners, without pay. Furthermore we have the member of parliament for Welland charging that there is as much patronage in the Ottawa service now as

before 1908 and no statement in contradiction has been issued by the Shortt-LaRochelle commission, although *The Civilian* requested the favour of being allowed to publish a proper denial of the accusation. It is estimated by a most excellent authority that in Ottawa alone one-half of the \$6,000,000 expended in Civil Government could be saved to the Treasury by the introduction of business management. By a business-like re-organization, in Cook County, Illinois, \$500,000 was saved. The work was supervised by the Civil Service Commissioners of that service.



#### OUTSIDE SERVICE, ATTENTION!

The South African Postal and Telegraph Herald represents a federation of civil servants as **The Civilian** represents the federation of Canadian civil servants. After enumerating the things their federation has done which we refrain from quoting for fear of suffering by comparison, the Herald adds:—

"The association is not a thing apart; it is yourselves, organised and combined. It responds to your energy and to your apathy. Every addition to its membership is an addition to its strength. What are you doing for the association?"

This message suggests the need of our federation perfecting its organization by filling up the hiatus between Ontario and British Columbia. Otherwise the Outside Service can only get the scraps thrown to the dogs. As an example of this let us consider the advantage the Inside Service has over the Outside in respect of salary. For entrance to the Inside Service there are two minimum rates,—\$500 to Division 3B and \$800 to Division 2B. It is rarely, however, that appointees to these classes begin at the bottom. An advance on the minimum of from \$100

to \$500 is consistently being allowed. This is quite proper and has been found to be necessary by the Commissioners in order to get male clerks. How often is the minimum for entrance to the Outside exceeded? Is the cost of living, or should the standard of living be, higher in the capital than in outside points in the Dominion. We think not. This is but one point of many that suggests a little more activity particularly on the part of the outside service. The federation "responds to **your** energy and to **your** apathy." Gentle reader, meek and mild, if you think **our** federation should be more energetic on your behalf, sit down and write a line to the member of the executive nearest to your place of abode. The executive numbers twenty. To help you out we append the names of the executive. Do it now, and do not omit any subject in respect of which you think action of some kind is necessary.

#### The Executive.

- J. R. Power, Customs, Halifax, N.S.
- Geo. Watt, Customs, Chatham, N.B.
- E. Giroux, Customs, Montreal, Que.
- R. Colvin, Customs, Hamilton, Ont.
- R. Holmes, Customs, Toronto, Ont.
- J. F. Whear, Post Office, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
- F. W. Warner, Post Office, Halifax, N.S.
- H. T. O'Neill, Post Office, Ottawa, Ont.
- F. W. Davies, Post Office, Toronto, Ont.
- H. Chandler, Post Office, Montreal, Que.
- Dr. Pagé, Immigration, Quebec, Que.
- W. G. Jessop, Railway Service, Toronto, Ont.
- W. F. Miller, Excise, Hamilton, Ont.
- W. Caven, Excise, Montreal, Que.
- O. Higman, Inland Revenue, Ottawa, Ont.
- A. Paré, Public Works, Ottawa, Ont.
- G. Bogue Smart, representing Civil Service Association of Great Britain.
- A. Brown, Customs, Vancouver, B.C.
- R. Patching, Interior, Ottawa, Ont.
- W. J. Lynch, Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.

In the hope of inciting as many as possible to immediate action we will quote the words used by Hon. Mr. Rogers in the House of Commons on May 28th.

As time goes on the Civil Service finds that it is not in possession of the class of

workers that it should have. The net result is that we get the very worst class of employees under the Civil Service Act that it is possible for us to find; and this, in my opinion, is the principal condition which should be remedied by any change that is made in that Act. It is unfair to expect that you can get good service for any such salary as \$500, and the service would probably be better off without a person who would be willing to stay in it at that salary. That is one of the things that, I think, should be remedied.

#### SAD PLIGHT OF GOVERNMENT RECORDS.

The finding of a large quantity of valuable military and other documents in the attic of an old private building on Wellington street made a bright item for the newspapers, and people read the reports with wonder that such treasures should be so lost track of. To civil servants the story was of small novelty. Any one who has been in the service at Ottawa long, knows something of how government archives are preserved. Damp, mouldy cellars; attics where leaky roofs admit sun and rain, disused sheds and similar places contain vast quantities of documents whose value to the records and history of the Dominion is beyond computation. The accumulation of official papers is enormous and it can hardly be said that even one department has proper storage facilities for its old files. Every day mildew and rats do great damage and any day fire may sweep away great quantities of valuable papers, for many places used for storage are nothing but fire-traps. A government commission has been at work on this problem for some time and rumor has it that the probings of the board and its officers have disclosed some amazing things. It is to be hoped that, in the interests of Canada, the commission will find language strong enough in which to convey to the Government some measure of real understanding of the conditions now existing.



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## At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

### Concerning the Circus.

There are three things which Solomon could never have understood, yea four things of which Agur, the son of Jakeh, could never have made head or tail—a railway timetable, a Chinese laundry check, a Sunday supplement map of the stars and the programme of a three-ringed circus.

The last named is an epitome of the other three. Like a railway timetable, the circus programme bewilders one with its complexities of arrivals and departures. Like a Chinese laundry check it is written in a strange language. Like a star map it deals with many constellations inextricably tangled. Indeed a circus programme has many points of resemblance to the zodiacal charts, not only in the elusive methods of identifying the principals but also in the faith which both inspire that beneath their technical jargon and their appearance of chaos there is a directing mind which will permit no untoward results. We do not tremble at night as we gaze upon Orion lest it should clash in its course with the Pleiades. With some such the same confidence we see the acrobat swing himself loose from his trapeze. He is safe too, like Orion.

But how wonderful it is! It is easy to say that God made the stars and that Barnum made the circus. But the naming of the sources of these phenomena does not strip them of their mystery. As long as the skies come cloudless at night, and as long as the summer brings back the circus, the mind of man will not lose its sense of wonder.

Without faith, however, the circus is a dreary phantom. As the soul grows gray through the lapse of years or through knowledge, the circus becomes more a show and less a world. While we keep young it is a little universe for us more real than the unvisited lands from which its giraffes and elephants come. We believe in Africa because we have seen the hippopotamus in a tank. The existence of Australia is proved by the kangaroo we have seen in a cage. But Africa and Australia are not the final realities. They exist for the sake of the circus. Thus it is we view things while youth is ours.

Everything at a circus is wonderful, yet everything is natural. Even the freaks in the side shows do not seem unnatural. We must say to ourselves, it is true, as we look upon the details of a circus, "why, I should never think it possible," but we only say such things to ourselves in order that we may heighten our pleasure. It makes us think we are getting more for our money. A new stunt in the rings delights us and calls for our admiration and our wonder. It does not astound us however. The dare devil dip of death, announced on the posters for the first time, is received by the public in the matter-of-fact way in which the twentieth century accepts the discovery of the x-rays or the invention of an airship. We are prepared in these days for thrillers.

I am told by people who know whereof they speak that the most remarkable thing about a circus is its organization. These people tell me that a visit to the circus kitchen is

more instructive and more entertaining than a visit to the big tent. This may be so. Sometimes I think that people who talk that way are posing, or they haven't the needful half-dollars in their pockets. For me the central point of the circus is the clowns. My star-map analogy must be left behind now, for the stars are apparently only the comets, the hap-hazard semi-planetary knights-errant, of the circus. All the other members are more like suns or planets in their orbits. The elephants, the bare-back riders, the acrobats, the ponies—these have courses which may be more or less easily defined. But the clowns appear and disappear without heraldry and move in strange hyperbolas.

That is why they appear to me as the embodiment of the circus. The circus is a madness with a method in it. The clowns are the means of keeping up the madness and of concealing the method. A solar system without comets would be as enjoyable as the present system in which we play our parts. But a circus without its comets, a clownless circus, would be as dreary as Sahara. They have tacked stately pageants on to the circuses in these later days in which the clowns have no function. They are good for advertising purposes, but a circus-lover is ever impatient until they are finished and the clowns reappear. The man who goes to a circus with no relish for the clown tricks and no thirst for pink lemonade and no hunger for peanuts might as well give his fifty cents to the sewing circle and buy a book of Stoddart's travels and stay at home.

And now you will ask me why I have taken up a couple of pages of *The Civilian* for an aimless talk about the circus. I will explain. The fourth thing which I had intended entering in the list of things which Solomon could not understand was the system of appointments and promotions in the civil service, but some-

how the circus took its place when I sat down to write. And in these hot days it may be better for us to think about the circus than about those civil service problems, no odds how funny the latter may be.

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### WOMEN'S COLUMN.

A gentleman informed me that in talking of "Pin Money Clerks" I did not go to the root of the matter, which is that men may be, and are, turned out of employment by women who will work for a smaller wage. I reminded him that National Union women clerks do not undercut, and then endeavoured to make him see that it is quite as bad to be undercut by another man as by a woman, but this was too broad for him. His subconscious idea is, of course, that the best (or strongest, or simply luckiest) man has a right to the job, but no woman has a right to *any* job—unless a man doesn't want it. Now, I'm out to deal death to this idea wherever I meet it. Under the present system of struggle and grab, a woman has exactly the same right as a man to the best she can get and do; and my advice to all women clerks is to take an intelligent interest in their work, do the best they can, and demand the utmost return they can extract. To tell you the truth, when I reflect on men's demands I am amazed at their stupidity — I mean, of course, their moderation. Men have been clerks, at any rate, throughout the capitalist era. They are still practically unorganised. Women have been in the clerking world as we know it to-day in every large city for the last twenty years only. Already they are organising to some extent, and the movement is growing. It was never more necessary. The individual is very helpless to-day, and it is only by realising our common likeness and necessities and standing firmly together that we shall preserve our liberties, even, perhaps, our

race. It seems to me that if the inrush of women into the clerking world is maintained in the same proportions during the next twenty years, the end of it may see men as rare in the city then as women were only twenty years ago. I do not know if men will regret it. A clerk's life—a life of the office without any hope of rising—appears to me a hideous fate. In a large company, in which I passed a considerable time, there was in the bookkeeping department a man known as "old Mr.—" He was perhaps fifty, but his hair was grey, his shoulders bowed. He wrote a day-book eternally. He was gentle and mild, bossed by a "smart" young "head" bookkeeper, and the butt of that office. I never spoke to the "old" man, but I never saw him without a shudder at his lot. Will women endure as uncomplainingly?—Leah Anson in the *Clerk*

\* \* \*

Candidates for appointments as typists for the London County Council must be free from any physical defect which would prevent them from carrying out their duties with regularity and efficiency. Those who are selected for appointments will be required to submit themselves to a medical examination by a lady doctor.

The Council does not bind itself to appoint any candidate, and moreover reserves to itself the right of selecting for appointment any candidate out of the order of merit if such candidate has shown in her examination special qualifications in any particular subject requisite for the appointment.—C. S. Gazette.

\* \* \*

The copying of the local Government Board (Scotland) was done by female typists, for whom there were two small rooms quite separate from the men. They were nominated by president and examined by the Civil Service Commissioners at entrance. The Board had never officially considered whether the girls could be given any clerical work of a higher character. He certainly objected to girls and young boys being together in the same room, and he thought they had a different way in tackling their work. He would welcome an experiment in employment of the kind if it could be made with due regard to the segregation of the sexes. Girls went to the Scotch universities quite freely, and he understood they sat in the same classes with boys and men there.—Civilian, London, report Royal Commission.

## Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed under this heading.

### Let Us Boost.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

Mr. A. McNeill in the role of a "knocker" is something new to my experience. Perhaps he believes that "every knock is a boost," but I don't see much "boosting-power" in his letter published in your last issue. It appears to me to wear more of the appearance of a threat. We all know that the Civil Service Co-operative Association has been hampered by every sort of difficulty, but in spite of all its troubles its business shows an enormous increase and it has paid a dividend. I am told by a director that the complete audit shows the affairs of the organization to be in even better condition than was shown by the statement submitted at the annual meeting. By force of strenuous methods the membership of the Association was lately persuaded to make fundamental changes in the constitution. The effect of these alterations can only be judged by experience,—the experience of a year or two. I hope Mr. McNeill will introduce no further revolutionary propositions until the organization has assimilated the recent dose.

Co-Op.

Ottawa, July 1st, 1913.

A vegetarian, getting into conversation with a stranger at a restaurant, held forth loquaciously on the advantages of a non-flesh dietary. "But," said the stranger, "I seldom eat meat." "You just ordered eggs," said the vegetarian. "An egg is practically meat, because it eventually becomes a bird." "The kind of eggs I eat never become birds," replied the stranger. "Good gracious!" replied the vegetarian. "What kind of eggs do you eat?" "Principally boiled eggs, sir!"

## COMMOTION IN RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

Quite a furore has arisen in Railway Mail Service circles in the far West, the true significance of which has not yet developed. As far as the facts can be ascertained by newspaper reports, the situation is as follows: On June 23rd there emanated from Calgary a dispatch to the *News-Advertiser* of Vancouver to the following effect:—

Railway mail clerks operating between Calgary and Vancouver have declared open war on Superintendent J. O. MacLeod of the Railway Mail Service, whose headquarters are in Vancouver.

They assert that he disapproves of their organization, which was affected about six months ago, and since that time has shown his disapproval by routing them so that they are compelled to spend their leisure time in the smaller towns between the two points.

They also complain that under these disadvantages they are compelled to maintain homes in both places.

A meeting of the clerks will be held in Calgary this evening and the following telegram of protest was sent to the Postmaster-General:—

“We, the undersigned Calgary and Vancouver railway mail clerks, demand a full and immediate investigation into the unfair treatment accorded to us and into the personal conduct of the superintendent of the railway mail service at Vancouver.”

On the 24th June Superintendent MacLeod gave an interview to the *Vancouver World* absolutely denying the facts as stated. This was followed by the publication in the *News-Advertiser* of 25th June of a statement signed by Mr. F. C. McLean, president and Mr. H. B. Sears, secretary of the Railway Mail Clerks Association of British Columbia, exonerating Mr. McLean from the charge of unfairness. The statement runs thus:—

“The Railway Mail Clerks’ Association of British Columbia is in no way responsible for the despatch nor do they give their endorsement to the same. It was evidently sent by a number of the assistants resident at Calgary, who were displeased with a recent order outlining their detail of duties. No protest against this order was made to the superintendent in any official way, thus allowing him no

chance of remedying their supposed grievance.

“Since the organization of our association a few months ago Mr. MacLeod has given us every consideration and has in no way shown any opposition to the organization.”

## PROMOTION FOR MR. JAMES WHITE.

On July 1st Mr. James White was, by Order-in-Council, made assistant to the Chairman of the Conservation Commission with the rank of Deputy Minister. Mr. White was born at Ingersoll, Ont., on Feb. 3, 1863; was educated at the High School there, and the Royal Military College, Kingston, and graduated in 1883. He was appointed assistant topographer of the Canadian Geological Survey in Jan., 1884, and for ten years was engaged in survey work in the Rocky Mountains and in Ontario and Quebec. He was Chief Geographer, under the Department of the Interior for fourteen years and was made secretary of the Conservation Commission in 1909. Mr. White is a member of the Geographic Board of Canada; a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; a member of the Canadian Champlain Society and American Society of C.E., and a member of the Academy of Political and Social Science. He has published many valuable geographical works.

## WHAT ABOUT SUPERANNUATION?

Mr. Charles Mallory, a preventive officer of Customs at Rondeau, Ont., has been granted three months leave of absence and on account of age and infirmity his employment is dispensed with at the expiration of such leave.

Mr. Mallory is 82 years of age. He was in receipt of the salary of \$450 per year and will have no retiring allowance.

Hugh Leahy, preventive officer at Prescott has been granted two months leave of absence; his services to be dispensed with at the expiry of said leave. Mr. Leahy is 69 years of age, joined the service in 1899, received \$800 per year and has no retiring allowance.

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### BORROWING DULLS THE EDGE OF HUSBANDRY.

We all know the man who will not subscribe for *The Civilian* but borrows his neighbour's to read. One day last month, in reaching for the other fellow's copy he upset a bottle of red ink all over his files and a pair of new \$8 pants. In dodging the ink he overturned his chair and broke the back off it. For spoiling the files he was suspended for a week and the sweet young stenographer heard him swear and has cut him dead ever since. When he went home with his tale of woe, his wife packed up and went to her mother's. Being lonesome, he went out with the boys and woke up facing Magistrate O'Keefe. The caterpillars ate up his flower bed and Ottawa ball team lost three straight. When he came back to the office he subscribed for *The Civilian* and now good fortune smiles upon him once more. Moral—**SUBSCRIBE TO THE CIVILIAN.**

### WESTERN FEDERATION OF RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS.

The above civil service association has been formed under difficulties which do not stand in the way of other bodies in the service. The officers of the association are:—

President, R. A. Borland, Moose Jaw.

Vice-President, L. N. Parker, Regina.

Treasurer, R. Herrod, Moose Jaw.

Secretary, H. Hudson, Moose Jaw.

Recording Secretary, G. Mallan, Regina.

The following comments from the pen of the treasurer, Mr. R. Herrod, will be found interesting. *The Civilian* has to thank the Railway Mail Service of Saskatchewan for giving us another poet.

Railway Mail Clerks of Western Canada.

To the Editors of *The Civilian*:

I would like to write about the personnel of the Saskatchewan Division. It opened up about six years ago, with Mr. C. A. Hislop, as superintendent and twelve clerks. At the present time we have a staff of nearly one hundred. About six

only of the old guard are now running on the road.

Of the others about fifty have been in the service over two years. Clerks come and go, and every time we are called upon to take a run on another R. P. O., we meet someone new.

This makes organization very difficult, as many of the clerks do not see the necessity of joining an association for a few months. The clerks are scattered all over the province, as we have not one great central point like Winnipeg. In Moose Jaw, Regina, Brandon and Saskatoon and Rivers, are stationed from twelve to twenty clerks. In several points such as Weyburn, Outlook, Swift Current, Wolseley and Souris are stationed one or two, and as the mail service is continuous, we have found it a hard proposition to get a good representative meeting. To get over to a meeting at another town is also very inconvenient. Most of the meetings hitherto, have been held in Moose Jaw. In April a meeting was held in Regina. Next meeting called for June 15th is to be held in Saskatoon.

We have every trade and profession represented in our division. Railroad men, carpenters, farmers, and a few who had previously worn the King's uniform. I think I am safe in saying that I am about the only one out in the West who served our late King Edward VII., under the White Ensign. I would like to hear of any other old sailor. So far I have never come across one.

It is a great thing to get the different points of view from a bunch like that

Each has his own individual opinion on what should be done for the benefit of the Civil Service. Personally I consider that "Association," and "Amalgamation" are two of the greatest factors in promoting the efficiency of any service, civil or otherwise.

Having had the experience of seeing the British Navy in all its branches, where "efficiency," is the one aim, it is evident to me that by getting a thorough knowledge of the men we have to work with, is second only to getting to know all about the work we are called upon to do.

I also think that by showing results, we have a much stronger case, when we advance any reason for consideration or ask for a privilege.

Out in the West we appear to be cut off more or less, from the men in the East, which makes it harder to see eye to eye with one another upon any question. I have never been east of Winnipeg yet, but hope to spend a few days of my holidays in Toronto, this summer, and I hope to meet some of the fellows there.

R. HERROD.

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## OBITUARY NOTICES.

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The death occurred on June 26th at Victoria Court, Thurlow and Haro streets, Vancouver, of Charles McDonough, aged 69 years, 2 months. The deceased has been in the customs service in that city for several years and resided formerly in New Westminster.

Mr. P. H. Macarow, late Assistant Post Office Inspector at Toronto, died suddenly at Kingston. He was a son of the late Judge Macarow of that city. He was an officer of the public service for many years, but retired on superannuation in 1908, owing to failing health. He is survived by his widow and one son.

John C. Shea, who died in Ottawa on June 27th at the age of eighty-five years, was the father of Mr. John J. Shea and Miss Annie Shea of the Department of the Interior.

Mr. Thomas Angel, who died in Ottawa on June 30th, aged 72 years, was for thirty-five years an employee of the Post Office Department.

Mrs. J. P. Brophy, mother of Mr. Arthur A. Brophy of the Department

of the Secretary of State, died recently.

Mr. James Little, who died recently, had been connected with the Department of Public Works for about fifty years.

J. C. Wall, an employee of the Department of Public Works, died in Ottawa on June 27th.

Died at Ottawa, on June 24th, Prudence Marcus of the Dominion Archives, in her 38th year.

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## PERSONALS.

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Mr. Alex. Johnstone, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, is enjoying a motor trip to Old Orchard, Me.

Mr. B. M. Armstrong, controller of the Railway Mail Service, is on an inspection trip to the West. Mrs. Armstrong accompanies him.

Among Ottawa civil servants who are spending vacations at Les Eboulements, Que., are Mr. A. St. Laurent, assistant Deputy Minister of Public Works, and Mrs. St. Laurent, and Mr. Paul Bernier, private secretary to the Postmaster General, and Mrs. Bernier.

Mr. A. L. Goodall of the Department of Trade and Commerce is on a canoe trip up the Rideau Lakes.

Mr. J. M. Swaine, assistant Dominion entomologist, has been attending the annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association in Winnipeg.

Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, deputy minister of Trade and Commerce, is enjoying a vacation trip to the Old Country.

Mr. J. C. O'Connor, treasurer of the Civil Service Association of Ottawa, has been laid up for several weeks as the result of cutting his wrist on a broken water-bottle.

Mr. John Byrnes, chief of the Inspection Branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce, has been on a business trip to Quebec.

### Personals.

*The following list includes changes in the personnel of the service from April 1st to June 30th, 1913 as far as obtainable.*

*Many of the appointments in the following list of Customs Department are confirmation of status and in some cases are in reality promotions.*

#### Appointments.

Customs: — Thos. E. Morrissey, sub-coll., Georgetown, P. E. I.; S. G. McSpadden, clerk, Vancouver; J. P. Schissler, collector, Geo. Cooke, prev. off., W. G. Ney, prev. off., J. P. Simpson, prev. off., Port McNicoll; R. H. McKee, prev. off., Prescott; J. L. Warren, sub. coll., Bear River; L. G. Sharpe, clerk, New Westminster; Jas. M. Thomson, collector, Napanee; J. A. Cumming, prev. off., Trenton; P. D. Stone, clerk, Medicine Hat; Geo. Corneliuss, appraiser, Sherbrooke, P.Q.; R. P. Hall, appraiser, Windsor; H. D'Arcy Birmingham, appraiser, Vancouver; W. F. Reid, asst. appr., Vancouver; J. W. Shera, collector, Edmonton; Malcolm G. MacVicar, collector, Saskatoon; J. J. Harrington, collector, Bathurst; A. P. O'Neill, collector, Glace Bay; Geo. Gott, collector, Amherstburg; G. R. Mitchell, collector, Wallaceburg; A. W. Jackson, collector, Whitby; Wm. Goodin, Board of Customs; Jas. McEvay, prev. off., Toronto; J. H. Sutherland, appraiser, C. A. Collins, appraiser, Nat. Lettler, appraiser, L. T. Holland, asst. appr., Halifax. Geo. E. Pattinson, prev. off., Niagara Falls; Jas. E. McRobie, asst. appr., Winnipeg; P. G. Close, prev. off., Calgary; W. P. Scott, prev. off., Winnipeg; W. G. Ball, J. W. Millar, C. R. Hamilton, M. McDougall, A. J. Ogg, G. M. McDougall, A. G. B. Wilson, W. E. Henning, prev. off., Board of Customs; L. W. Doyle, Fred. Clifford, messengers, Inside Service.

The following prev. officers, St. John, N.B.:—John Stanton, Geo. McSherry, Jas. A. Donovan, J. E. Dinsmore, R. F. Knox.

*The following acting Customs officers have been made permanent in their positions as preventive officers:*

D. H. Terry, Belleville; Donald Paterson, Belleville; Eê H. Schlosser, Waterloo; C. A. Cawker, Bowmanville; John W. Blakney, Brantford; Wm. A. Bremner, Brantford; Frederick Corey, Brantford; W. E. Young, Brantford; H. F. Hall, B. F. Krafft, Bridgeburg; J. T. Fitzpatrick, Brockville; G. W. Boudreau, Chatham; W. H. Clements, Richard Fisher, C. E. Stewardson, Kar Sylvester, Fort William; B. A. Brant, Chas. Catchpole, C. F. Farmer, Thos. W. Farmer, F. J. Quinn, Hamilton; Wm. Lawson, Dundas; Frederick Pugsley, W. R. Roome, London; F. W. Breckon, Thos. F. Burton, W. S. Byers, M. S. Chamberlain, C. H. Day, Leonard Fisher, G. C. Gardner, J. H. Hern, L. J. Hanna, S. G. Prest, E. E. Shriener, C. W. Thompson, F. G. Wood, H. S. O'Melia, Niagara Falls; Albert Hastings, J. N. Kendall, B. J. Rothwell, Albert Wilding, M. E. Souliere, Sault Ste. Marie; A. W. Glenn, Listowel; Jos. Thompson, Tillsonburg; H. B. Davis, F. W. Dunham, J. H. Purvis, Wallace Robinson, J. R. Smith, R. H. Woods, Toronto; Archie Irwin, West Toronto; Fullerton McClure, J. P. Raybould, West Toronto; J. A. Cumming, Trenton; M. G. Hill, Welland; E. J. Langlois, Michael McHugh, E. G. Patterson, C. R. Siebert, Frederick Weir, Windsor; W. B. Ritchie, Walkerville; F. O. Burgess, Woodstock; A. G. Fowler, Wellington Irvine, North Bay; G. H. B. Insole, South Porcupine; J. H. Davis, Sudbury; W. G. Denison, Sudbury; W. A. Quinn, Orillia, F. E. Ellis, John O'Regan, Oshawa; S. J. Brown, J. M. Bond, F. I. Daniels, J. L. McCullough, O. J. Noel, J. B. Potvin, W. H. Sproule, J. I. Wilkins, W. C. Wills, Ottawa; James Eagar, Parry Sound; F. M. Adams, Peterboro; Geo. O'Brien, Picton; W. T. Denison, G. G. Milne, Port Arthur; A. E. Watts, Ft. Francis; Jno. S. Bassett, Rainy River; J. F. Honor, Port Hope; H. R. Gregory,

Wm. Weis, St. Catharines; M. E. Bradshaw, Port Colborne; R. W. Grenville, Thorold; W. W. Trott, St. Thomas; T. A. Gough, G. A. Lambert, J. J. Tennant, Sarnia.

M. W. Manson, Frederick Morrison, L. W. Raines, G. W. Smith, L. J. Thorburn, A. E. Williams, A. L. Wodehouse, Vancouver; E. A. Austin, Hanson Barraclough, Duncan Bain, A. C. Boyce, E. E. Bragg, C. R. Carter, A. S. Huxtable, Robert Mee, G. E. Moore, M. W. Oliver, Victoria; Charles Summer, Alder Grove; W. L. Blatchford, Huntington; W. G. Morton, Percy C. Cole, Cranbrook; Isaac R. Lawrence, New Westminster; A. J. Smith White Rock; F. A. Ferguson, Douglas; George Ross, Revelstoke; R. W. Abbott, W. B. Anderson, Hazen Anthony, Vancouver.

Joseph Battersby, Robert R. Brown, N. J. De Graves, W. H. Donaghy, T. R. Elliott, J. W. A. Ganton, G. W. Hall, G. S. Hay, D. G. Hattie, R. N. Hopkins, J. L. W. Hoskin, A. J. Leitch, R. J. Leckey, P. L. McCallum, T. H. MacKinlay, Robert McKibben, Oswald McMurray, Isaac MacKay, W. U. Macpherson, Vancouver; H. A. Hampson, Athelstan; D. F. Moranville, Beebe Junction; Frank Williams, Coaticook; L. T. Lemieux, Stanhope; E. O. Bailey, Highwater; F. H. Crowell, A. H. Miller, K. B. McKay, Highwater; L. A. Laporte, J. P. Theriault, Jolieffe; J. F. McCaffrey, St. Agnes de Dundee; S. L. Fairchild, Quebec; L. O. Vallee, Rimouski; H. C. Hastings, St. Armand; John W. Tressider, Robert J. Robinson, St. Johns; Rodney C. Derick, Roy L. Derick, E. G. Fadden, Noyan Junction; P. J. A. Heroux, Three Rivers; Adelard Quesnel, Ismael Bourassa, Ovila Corbeil, Arthur Sequin, Valleyfield.

(To be continued.)

### "The Little Horror!"

"Mamma, our governess can see in the dark." "How do you know that?" Last night out in the hall I heard her tell uncle Jack that he hadn't shaved!"

## *Athletics.*

It is refreshing to note that the British Dominions will retain at least one world's championship. Mr. A. F. Wilding, of New Zealand, successfully maintained his title of tennis champion against Mr. M. E. McLoughlin of California, recently on the Wimbledon courts, in England. It was a signal victory, too,—being three straight sets. It was probably the highest class tennis tournament which has yet taken place. The game has made wonderful strides since the Renshaw brothers evolved it out of the old 'racquets,' some thirty years ago.



Thursday, July 3rd, was a black day for Canadian aquatics, when the Argonaut Eights and Fours both suffered defeat in their preliminary heats at the Henley Regatta, the world's premier sculling meet. Butler, of Toronto, also lost his heat in the singles. The Argonauts deserve great credit for their persistency in going year after year to England, entailing considerable expense on its members, besides long periods of self denying training.



The Canadian Golf Championships brought out some good play, the finals between Mr. Lees of Ottawa and Mr. Turpin of Montreal, being very close,—actually a tie on the 18th hole. It was unfortunate that the veteran Mr. G. S. Lyon was prohibited from finishing the tournament by his physician. It is to be hoped that some of the representative Canadian players may enter for the U. S. championship. A regrettable feature about this noble old game appears in recent English advices, it being stated that 'stake' playing is becoming the almost invariable custom on all links; i.e. an amount of money being placed on each contest by the competitors.

ance at their league matches is much better.

Mr. Sims is also winning praise by his selection of good umpires, a most important desideratum. Mr. Ed. Miles' work this season, has been very good. It would be well if Mr. Turcotte would officiate more with the indicator.

The Customs team has been without the services of Mr. Fred Shannon of late, he being away on holidays. They have, however, no end of good men to choose from. McNeill's catching and throwing to bases are worthy of professional ball.

There is a little 'rough work' in the actions of some of the players in one club in particular. Respect should always be had for the umpire, who fills, at the best, a thankless job. In amateur ball the umpire has none of the means of exacting order which obtain in the professional game; which renders his position all the more entitled to polite treatment.

**The League Standing.**

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West Block . . . . .	4	1	1
Census . . . . .	5	2	0
Surveys . . . . .	1	3	0
Bureau . . . . .	1	4	0
Trans. Ry. . . . .	1	5	0
Immigration . . . . .	1	6	0

There is a movement on foot to endeavour to have an annual tricity series of matches, between the civil service teams of Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto. These would not in any way interfere with the regular local schedules, but would lend great interest to the game, and bring our confreres together and thus establish a lasting acquaintance which cannot otherwise be obtained. Out of this might easily grow an annual athletic meet. When the police organizations all over Canada

can hold annual 'Games' why cannot the Service, with bigger membership, larger pay and more leisure, do likewise? It is up to Mr. Sims, again.

The Canadian lawn bowlers in the Old Country are continuing their tour with varying success. They lose more games than they win, yet play with such strength and persistence that the result of a contest is always uncertain until the end. Private advices from Ottawa members of the team state that they are being royally entertained and having a splendid trip.

**Department of Interior Rifle Association of Ottawa.**

Scores for Saturday, 28th June:—

	200	500	600	Tl.
E. Turcotte . . . . .	32	33	33	—98
A. A. Cohoon . . . . .	31	32	33	—96
J. M. Roberts . . . . .	32	32	32	—96
A. H. Flindt . . . . .	28	31	33	—92
J. J. Carr . . . . .	30	31	29	—90
J. F. Maunder . . . . .	30	32	28	—90
W. R. Latimer . . . . .	31	32	26	—89
F. D. Henderson . . . . .	29	27	32	—88
W. A. Purdy . . . . .	28	31	29	—88
A. Braidwood . . . . .	26	29	30	—85
A. McCracken . . . . .	27	28	30	—85
J. H. Brigly . . . . .	27	31	27	—85
C. Clendennen . . . . .	30	31	23	—84
P. A. Wood . . . . .	30	28	25	—83
G. N. Clarke . . . . .	22	30	27	—79
R. M. Easton . . . . .	29	26	23	—78
L. B. Taylor . . . . .	27	24	24	—75
J. Deslauriers . . . . .	30	29	16	—75
F. W. Blander . . . . .	26	26	12	—64
*A. W. Joanes . . . . .	33	31		—64
*A. E. Shore . . . . .	31	32		—63
L. Goodday . . . . .	24	14	24	—62
C. J. Wallis . . . . .	15	29	18	—62

\*Did not shoot in 600-yard shoot.  
 First class spoon, E. Turcotte.  
 Second class spoon, C. Clendennen.  
 Scores for Saturday, 5th July:—

Notwithstanding the good baseball which is being put up by the Ottawa C. S. League Clubs, the attendance of members of our large body is regrettably small. President Sims is to be congratulated, as well as Secretary Doyle, on their efforts to build up a good league. In Toronto, where there are less than one-quarter the number of civil servants, the attend-

	200	500	600	Tl.
A. W. Joanes . . . . .	29	35	33	97
W. A. Purdy . . . . .	30	32	31	93
W. R. Latimer . . . . .	32	32	27	91
E Turcotte . . . . .	29	32	29	90
A. A. Cohoon . . . . .	33	32	24	89
A. E. Shore . . . . .	28	31	28	87
C. Olmsted . . . . .	30	30	27	87
J. H. Bigly . . . . .	25	32	28	85
A. H. Flindt . . . . .	28	29	28	85
W. Thompson . . . . .	31	27	26	84
J. F. Maunder . . . . .	28	31	24	83
J. J. Carr . . . . .	28	26	28	82
G. N. Clarke . . . . .	28	26	24	78
J. H. Corry . . . . .	26	22	29	77
F. D. Henderson . . . . .	27	28	22	77
P. A. Wood . . . . .	30	27	15	72
C. A. E. Clendennen . . . . .	28	25	17	70
C. J. Wallis . . . . .	26	19	24	69
R. M. Easton . . . . .	24	23	19	66

First class spoon—A. W. Joanes.  
 Second class spoon—G. N. Clarke.  
 Spoon for possible at 500 yards—A. W. Joanes

**ONE OF LIFE'S TRAGEDIES.**

A friend told us the other day of a pewee that built its nest this summer in his mill only some five or six feet above the big circular saw. There, with the great saw whirling below her, she hatched out her tiny children, and took up with glad heart the cares of family life. She would sit for hours and watch the men at work, rising up and looking down upon them with especial interest, apparently, when any unusual noise occurred, or when the mill for any reason was suddenly shut down. Day by day the gentle stranger's presence and behavior were observed with kindest regard by all the workmen. One morning she was missed. "What's the matter with our little pewee?" the men began to ask each other. Hour after hour passed and the hungry nestlings waited. She never came back, and the starving birdlings were left to die. Was it some thoughtless boy with a gun, or had some bird of prey struck down the faithful mother? Nature in all its realms is full of such sad tragedies.

The sweet and plaintive song of the pewee never loses its charm for

the bird lover whether he hear it in the early morning or catch its music as it floats among the trees at twilight when many another songster has ceased to sing. The pewee is a great insect destroyer, and for this reason, one of our most valuable birds.—Dumb Animals.

**As It Should Be.**

Mr. Gallagher, New York C. S. Commissioner, during the course of an address on "Investigation of character and Experience," said:—

Unfortunately, it has been the accepted belief of many in and out of public office that a man once employed in the public service was discounted for private employment. From the standpoint of the employees of the Civil Service Commission I see no ground for such belief, for the staff has efficiency and skill equal to that. in my judgment, of any staff of private employees, and their skill, industry and willingness, so far as my observation goes, have been above criticism. Why should not the view be reversed and why may not the city set a standard of efficiency and character in its employees that will command the respect and win the patronage of the private employer.

\* \* \* \*

Springfield, Illinois., June 25th.

Municipal laborers of Chicago receiving \$2.75 a day are getting together in an organization to petition the finance committee, the city council and the public for an advance in wages. Over 300, representing all of the eight districts in the water pipe extension service, met last Sunday afternoon, and on the two Sundays before that, at 365 West Madison street. The men at each meeting were enthusiastic.

\* \* \*

When the element of mystery in regard to civil service examinations and the markings given in them is cut down to a minimum, the confidence of the employes, the applicants for positions and the public will go up to a maximum. The rule opening to public inspection the papers and marks of winners in examinations announced a month ago by the Cook County Civil Service Commission is sound in principle. It has already proved beneficial in practice.—C. S. News.

\* \* \*

Inspector Reynolds of the Immigration service demonstrated the value of that branch recently when he was instrumental in having a gang of pickpockets and crooks who were following a circus arrested, convicted and deported.

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